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THE SERVANT MISTRESS,

A

BURLETTA,

Translated from the

ITALIAN,

And adapted to the

ORIGINAL MUSIC,

OF

Signor PERGOLESI.

WITH

ADDITIONS.

[Price Six-pence.]

THE SERVANT MISTRESS,

A

BURLETTA.

Dramatis Personæ.

Uberto, a paſſionate old Man, doatingly fond of his ſervant Serpilla,

Serpilla, a ſervant maid of Uberto, an artful ſaucy Jade,

Vespone.

Scene, a room in Uberto's houſe, in Spain.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE SERVANT MISTRESS.

PART I.

Uberto enters impatiently, *Veſpone* leaning in a careleſs Poſture, looking, and laughing at him.

SONG.

Uberto. IN tedious expectation
So long to wait;
In bed, for mere vexation,
No ſleep I get.
For ever I am ſlaving,
No gains I make.
Is ſuch a life worth having?
My heart will ſurely break.

'Tis very hard—
That I ſhould wait ſo long, and that my maid
Will not oblige me with my chocolate.
And what's ſtill worſe, I'm now engag'd to go.
O! bleſſed patience—
Here! Serpilla! Serpilla!

Muſt I till to-morrow wait?
You, Veſpone
Veſ. Here, Sir.
Uber. Well, Sir, what are you doing?
Why ſtand you there, you booby?
What, Sir, no excuſe, you fool you?
Go, run, ſee what ſhe's doing? [*Exit* Veſ.
Ser. (*without*) Won't you have done?
You're not to ſcold at me, Sir.
Uber. Very fine.
Ser. Again!
If my maſter's in haſte, I'm not, ſirrah.
Uber. Vaſtly fine!
Ser. You won't then!
Are you reſolv'd to try my patience?
Deſiſt, or I ſhall box your ears.
Uber. Hey!---where d'ye think you are?
Hey! Serpilla!

Enter Serpilla *in a Paſſion, and* Veſpone.

Ser. Permit me, Sir, to teach that ſcoundrel manners.
Uber. What! in your maſter's preſence?
Ser. Am I, becauſe a ſervant, to be trampled on?
And ſuffer ſuch abuſe? no, Sir.
I'll be reſpected; honour'd as a miſtreſs,
You ſhall ſee, Sir.
Uber. What the devil ails your ladyſhip?

SONG.

Ser. No, never, never, a girl you'll ſee,
Half ſo honeſt, Sir, as me.
Try me, in my breaſt you'll find,
Love and charity combin'd.

Aſk, Sir, thoſe that know me well,
They'll confirm the truths I tell.

Ne'er my heart did malice ſhew,
Never girl indulg'd it leſs,
I ſeldom or ever ſay no,
When time and occaſion ſay yes.
To my virtue if inſult you ſhew,
Be aſſur'd I will always ſay no.

Uber. Come, let's hear. What was the matter?
Ser. This impertinent---
Uber. to *Veſ.* What, you?
Veſ. I only told her, ſhe was wanted.
Uber. to *Veſ.* Did I order you---
Ser. And in a rude manner---
Uber. How! rudely! how durſt you, raſcal?
Veſ. Sir, I was very civil to her,
But you bade me call her,
If I am not to mind what you ſay,
Tell me ſo at once.

SONG.

Veſ. Such a rout, ſuch a fuſs,
To be us'd by you thus,
Is not to be borne, I aſſure you.
What you bid me I do,
And am left then by you,
To the mercileſs rant of this Fury.
Ser. to *Veſ.* Mighty well, Sir,
You ſhall pay dear for this.
Uber. to *Ser.* I ſent him to you---
Ser. For what!
Uber. For what? Did I not order you to---

Ser

Ser. Well, what then?

Uber. What then! where's the chocolate?
Am I to wait till doomsday?

Ser. I have not made it, you must do without;
And make yourself dear master, easy.

Uber. What patience I had need to be endow'd with,
But this, this is too much
I will not bear it, I'll shake off this yoke,
And make you know and feel, that I'm your master.

SONG.

Uber. In contradiction you delight,
If I say black you will say white,
Come up---go down---
'Tis red---'tis brown---
I tell you, friend,
It soon must end.
What's your opinion? (To *Ves.*
Must I then bear it?
No, Sir, no.

Ser. In short, Sir,
Studying your interest, I am thus rewarded.

Uber. Wonderful! to be sure she's right! (*sneeringly*)
(to *Ves.*) Run, fetch my hat, my sword and cane, I'll go out.
Exit Ves.

Ser. See! ever perverse!
You shall not: go, and undress.

Uber. Go to the devil, you'll provoke me to---

Ser. Nay, it matters not, I'll have it so,
For out you shall not go.

Uber. I think this great impertinence.

Ser. Ay, ay, proceed.

Uber.

Uber. Dy'e think, Serpilla, that I'll bear with this?

SONG.

Ser. My fractious, peeviſh, pettiſh maſter,
Your anger will breed ſome diſaſter,
Here you muſt quiet, ſilent ſtand,
Nor dare to ſpeak, 'tis my command.

I think you know my meaning,
It needs no more explaining,
For you have known my ways,
Theſe many, many days.

Enter Veſpone, *with Hat and Cane.*

Uber. Extremely well!---did you hear?---well--- (*to Veſ.*
Replace them where you found them,
For my miſtreſs will not have me go!
Ser. Now I like you---don't be vexed.
Dy'e ſtay?--d'ye ſtare?--d'ye wonder? (*to Veſ.*
Uber. Yes, ſtay--ſtare--wonder--. (*to Veſ.*
Call me blockhead, fool, aſs, beat me,
I'll take it patiently, nay I'll thank you.
Ser. What are you about? (*to Uber.*
Uber. Stand off, thou wronghead,
Thou ſum of inſolence---away --
To put an end to this I am determin'd;
Veſpone, now this very moment, go,
Search thro' the town, and find me out a woman!
Tho' ſhe has bas'lisk's eyes, or teeth like jet
Be her as crooked as a ram's horn,
Be her in perſon, countenance, a monkey,
A harpy, ſphinx, a very devil,
To ſpite that jade, I'll marry her.

That way, at once, I'll free myself,
And be no longer ſubject to her inſolence. (*Exit Veſ.*

SONG.

Uber. Go, find me a woman,
If ever ſo common,
Or ugly, and old,
A drunkard, and ſcold,
Her teeth grown black,
A hump on her back,
To change this life,
I'll make her my wife.
Petulant Vermin,
This I determine.
Hence you ſhall go,
Mark, I tell you ſo.

Ser. O! Is he come to that (*aſide.*)---Marry, Sir!
You'll do extremely well, I approve it!

Uber. You approve it! (*ſneeringly*)
Immenſely great! ſhe approves it!
Then I ſhall marry, ſhall I?

Ser. Yes, Sir---but---it muſt be me.

Uber. You!

Ser. Yes, me, Sir.

Uber. Indeed!

Ser. Indeed.

Uber. Why am I held? Bring me my cane,
How dare you to preſume a thing of that kind?

Ser. Say what you will; do what you pleaſe;
No other woman you ſhall have---but me.

Uber. Away, away, my girl,

Ser. My ſpouſe, you mean.

Uber. Gods, gods, this girl will be my death!
Ser. Death, or life---it muſt be ſo;
I have already fix'd it:
Uber. Sure, the devil's in her.

DUETTO.

Ser. By thoſe cunning, artful eyes,
Your thoughts, your will I gueſs,
For tho' the one denies
The other anſwers yes.
Uber. Miſtreſs vixen, you're miſtaken,
Too high you fly,
My eyes do both ſay no,
And you ſhall find it ſo.
Ser. Come, be kind,
Change your mind,
Know my merit,
I have ſpirit,
View me well, behold in me
What is true gentility,
An air, a mien like beauty's queen.
Uber. She has really ſuch addreſs
I'm afraid ſhe'll have ſucceſs. *(aſide:*
Ser. I believe he is conſenting,
I believe he is relenting;
Come, my dear Sir,
Uber. Away---ſaucy creature.
Ser. My heart is firmly fix'd you ſee,
Reſolve, dear Sir, to marry me.
Uber. When from confuſion,
When from deluſion,
Shall I be
Once ſet free.

PART II.

Enter Serpilla, *and* Veſpone *diſguiſed in a Soldier's dreſs*; *then* Uberto.

Ser. NOW that I have gain'd you to my intereſt
Make uſe, Veſpone, of your utmoſt ſkill,
Should this ſcheme take, and I ſo far ſucceed,
As to become my maſter's wife,
Aſk what you will and you ſhall have it.
Uber. I dare engage my Servant (miſtreſs rather)
To go will now permit me.
Ser. Hide in next room, and when I call you, come.
(to *Veſ.*

Uber. Oh!---ſhe's here---now to my duty:
May I, or may I not, ſweet Miſtreſs---
Will you---or will you not---
Ser. What! will you preſume
Without my leave to go?
What do you think to do?
How dare you diſobey me?

SONG.

Uber. Bridle your paſſion,
Why this vexation?
Let me be heard,
One ſingle word,
This rough behaviour
Shews not ſo clever,
Do not deſpiſe
What I adviſe.

Ser.

Ser. Well, Sir---I've done;
You ſhall be no more troubled.
Uber. I believe it.
Ser. Then you will marry?
Uber. Certainly,
Ser. I muſt, then, of myſelf take care.
Uber. Ay, do ſo.
Ser. I have---and have already got a huſband.
Uber. With all my heart.---How d'ye call him?
Ser. Captain *Furioſo.*
Uber. A terrible name.
Ser. He's ſoon enrag'd.
Uber. Sure!
Ser. And, when enrag'd, a very devil.
Uber. So much the worſe for you.
Ser. But that---I ſhall prevent.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Well, Sir---Adieu---
Heav'n preſerve you---when Serpilla's abſent
May you enjoy a long and happy life:
But ſhould Serpilla in your thoughts obtrude,
Think of her candidly---as one that lov'd you.

SONG.

When a thought of me returns Sir, *(weeping)*
My unhappy lot you'll mourn Sir,
With a ſigh,
Then you'll cry,
Ah, poor girl, yes ſhe,
Once was dear to me.

Surely he will yield at laſt. *(laughing.)*
I think I have the gudgeon faſt.
If my conduct has offended, *(weeping)*
Forgive me, Sir, 'twas not intended,
By contrition 'tis amended. *(laughing)*
I'm ſure he will not long withſtand,
By the ſqueezing of my hand.
Uber. Well, my Serpilla, I will think of you,
And that with candour.
Ser. Will you ſee my huſband?
Uber. Yes, I ſhall be glad;
Ser. I'll go and fetch him.
Uber. Do ſo. *(Exit Serpilla.)*
Who can this man be?
If he anſwers her deſcription,
Poor girl! ſhe muſt be in continual fear.

RECIT. ACCOMPANIED.

Poor Serpilla!
I have a mind to---no, ſhe's my ſervant.
I ſhould not be the firſt man that---
Would I marry her?---no, no, no;
Away, ye fooliſh, fooliſh thoughts, away.
Softly;---I have brought her up;---
Her family's not deſpicable.---
O! I am mad!
Stay!---I'll think no more of it.
But I love her---and yet---poor girl?---
Again!--O gods! again!---O, confuſion!

SONG.

I am confus'd I feel,
Something diſturbs my mind,
What it is I cannot tell,
To love or pity inclin'd;

To

To caution me,
I hear it ſay,
Uberto, now think well.

Enter Serpilla *and* Veſpone.

Ser. Pray, Sir, walk in.
Uber. O, ma'am, is this the gentleman?
Ser. It is, Sir.
Uber. What a brute! *(Aſide)*
Veſ. Well, Sir, I attend you,
What's your pleaſure?
Uber. I meant to give you joy, Sir.
Veſ. Did you? hum—I intend to have it.
Uber. I hope you'll not be diſappointed.
Veſ. O, ne'er doubt it;
If my wife's obedient that will give it me;
If not, I ſhall delight to humble her.
Uber. Barbarian! *(Aſide.)*
Veſ. Serpilla!
Ser. I come, Sir. (Veſpone *whiſpers* Serpilla.)
Uber. Muſt ſo ſweet a creature
Be abandoned to ſuch a ſavage;
Pity, love, forbid it.
Ser. to *Uber.* My ſpouſe directs me to inform you,
He expects, that for my long
And faithful ſervice,
You ſhould give a handſome ſum for dowry.
Uber. How, Serpilla! a dowry! are you mad?
Ser. Don't ſpeak ſo loud, you will enrage him.
Uber. Let him rage, I care not.
Veſ. How dare you, Sir, play tricks with me?
Why did you ſend for me?
Think not I'll bear an inſult.

Uber.

Uber. I ſent—that is—I—I—

Veſ. Look ye, Sir,—I have in my time kill'd,
Let me ſee—nineteen—juſt nineteen men—
And fairly by my ſword—
This inſtant, then, a dowry, Sir,
Or you compleat the ſcore.

DUETTO.

Ser. Of my care, my true obedience,
Think, and ſurely you'll comply:
Veſ. Nought ſhall ſhield him from my vengeance,
Should he venture to deny.
Ser. From a rage ſo fierce, ſo fatal, (*to* Uberto.)
What can ſave you, who defend?
Veſ. Woman, ceaſe this idle prattle,
Thus let me the conteſt end.

To ſee you thus ſlighted,
My fury's excited
My rage I'll no longer reſtrain,
Let me but come near him,
To pieces I'll tear him,
Revenge will be ſweeter than gain.

Uber. I am undone——harkee, Serpilla,
Ser. to *Veſ.* He relents, I ſee—pray be you pacified.
I knew you'd not deny me. (*to* Uberto.)
Uber. Serpilla! have you concluded
With this furious fellow?
Ser. I have; but had I not, what then?
Uber. Prithee diſmiſs that bluſterer,
And depend on my affection for you.

SONG.

Ser. Tho' you're cunning, cautious, wary,
Yet more skilful I shall prove,
Men so old as you to marry!
You can't, sure, pretend to love.

Uber. You mock me, Serpilla.

Ser. I, Sir, you're mistaken.

Vesp. Not yet resolv'd. The more I wait,
The higher I shall rise in my demands.

Uber. Harkee, Serpilla, what does that fellow mean?

Ser. You must give with me a dowry,
Or he'll not marry me.

Uber. What care I? ——

Ser. What! so indifferent!
Come, Sir, (to Vesp.)
As my master is inflexible,
Will you take me as I am?

Vesp. With all my heart.

Ser. Well, then, let's away. Dear Sir, adieu.

Uber. Hold, Serpilla.

Ser. Well, Sir?

Uber. Will you forsake your master?

Ser. You force me from you.

Uber. What wou'd you have me do?

Ser. Do, Sir? Don't you know?

Uber. Ah, you bewitching jade!
Well then, Serpilla, as you know I love you
We will not part; I'll marry you;
So take my hand.

Ser. With all my heart.

Uber. But how shall we get rid of this Sir Hector?
I'll softly steal away, and you may softly.

Ser. You need not, Sir, I will disarm his anger,
And ease you of your fears——Vespone!

Uber. Ha! Vespone! E *Vesp.*

Ves. Aye, Sir, 'tis even me.
I was the terrible Drawcansir,
Who put you in such a taking.

SONG.

Ves. Th' expiring taper's feeble rays,
Now rise, now in the socket lie,
If moved in haste, it casts a blaze,
Trembles, quivers, sinks and dies.
Calmly then, my worthy master,
Listen to your faithful slave,
Nor, just free from one disaster,
Madly, one more lasting, brave.

A 2.

Uber. Insolence! I'll——
Ser. Come, forgive me Sir, the scheme was mine.
Uber. Your's was it? you cunning jade!
Well, I'm satisfy'd.
We'll crown this day with pleasure.
Ser. And you will find in me a golden treasure.

DUETTO.

Ser. For you, within my bosom,
Is Cupid's hammer beating,
Which ev'ry moment strikes.
Uber. For you, within my bosom,
Is Cupid's tabor beating,
Which ev'ry moment drums.
Ser. Hark, how it thumps; (THUMPATY.)
Uber. 'Tis very, very true.
Now listen to the drum; hark! (RUBADUB.)
Ser. 'Tis very, very true.
Uber. and *Ser.* But what can all this mean?
Ser. I don't know.
Uber. I don't know.
Ser. Ah, Berti.
Uber. Ah, Gipsey.
Both. You may guess what it means.

FINIS.

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